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Cutlery, Sleighs, &c., and first-class
Covered or Open Brewster Buggies, or
Road Wagons. Repairing done on
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DEALERS IN
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per and sheet-iron ware. Agents for
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& Chapin's Diamond Iron Plows.
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The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1878.

NUMBER 10.

POETRY.

MOTHERHOOD.

"Her lot is on you"—woman's lot she meant,
The singer who sang sweetly long ago;
And rose and yew and tender myrtle blent,
To crown the harp that rang to love and woe.
Awake, O Poetess, and vow one strain
To sing of motherhood, its joy, its pain.

What does it give to us, this mother love—
In verse and tale and legend glorified,
Chosen for lips divine as type above
All other passions? Men have lived and died
For sisters, maiden queens, and cherished wives,
Yet, sealed by God, the one chief love survives.

Yet what is it it gives us? Shrinking dread,
Peril and pain and agony forgot,
Because we hold the ray of gladness shed
By the first cry from lips that know us not
Worth all that has been paid, is yet to pay,
For the new worship, born and crowned that day.

Then nursing, teaching, training, self-denial,
That never knows itself, so deep it lies,
The eager taking up of every trial,
To smooth Spring's pathway, light her April
sides!

Waiting and guiding, loving, longing, praying,
No coldness darning, and no wrong dimming,
And when the lovely bud to blossom wakes,
And when the soft shy dawn star flashes bright,
Another hand the perfect flower takes,
Another vine the gladness of the light;

A sweet, soft, clinging, fond farewell is given;
Still a farewell, and then alone with Heaven.
With Heaven! Will He take the third heart,
The God who gave the child and formed the
mother.

Who sees her strive to play her destined part,
And smiling, yield her darling to another?
Aye, on His cross He thought of Mary's woe;
He pities still the mothers left below.
—*Times's Magazine.*

STORY TELLER.

THE HEIRLOOM.

The pearl cross was an heirloom. Etta
wore it the first time I ever saw her, and
I noticed its beauty as it rested upon a
knot of deep blue ribbons at her throat.
Ribbons and pearls both suited her
fair complexion, deep golden hair, and
brown eyes, large and soft as a fawn's.

I think I loved Henrietta Raymond
the first hour in which I met her at a
small party my Aunt Hilda gave in
honor of my return from a long busi-
ness trip in Western cities. When the
party was over Aunt Hilda told me
that Miss Raymond was the niece of
a new comer in our village, a retired
clergyman, who had taken a house
very near our own.

Had she been an heiress or a very
fine lady, I might never have drawn
her into my heart of hearts, as I did
very soon. But she was a loving girl,
possessing no worldly wealth; and we
met on terms of social equality.

I was an orphan who owed educa-
tion, care, everything to Aunt Hilda,
who had an income so very narrow
that it must have cost her many acts
of self-denial to support me. But at
the time I met Etta Raymond I had
obtained a good situation in a com-
mercial house in New York, and was put-
ting all my spare funds into Aunt Hil-
da's keeping for her own comfort.

I had been absent more than a year
on business for the firm, and was en-
joying a vacation of a month's duration,
when I met, wooed and won Henrietta
Raymond. I courted her with all my
heart; and when she acknowledged she
loved me, my cup of happiness was full.

Her uncle, Mr. Raymond, when I
placed my worldly prospects before
him, was averse to an immediate mar-
riage, but gave his hearty consent to
our engagement. How the time speed-
ed away, and how much of it we spent
side by side in that happy summer.

A year passed, during which I was
retained closely at my post in the
counting-house, having responsibilities
and duties that kept me far into the
night. As summer drew near, I was
troubled by frequent attacks of vertigo,
that I looked forward to my month's
vacation as a much needed rest as well
as pleasure. To my great disappoint-
ment it was postponed until September,
and I was really ill when at last I
packed my trunk and took the train
for home. Before I saw Etta I was
prostrated by an attack of fever which
threatened my life, depriving me of
consciousness for weeks. When I re-
covered there fell upon me a blow that
caused a dangerous relapse. I was
blind. Our only doctor said hopelessly,
incurably blind.

It was impossible for many bitter
months for me to feel resigned or
patient. I prayed to die, rather than

to live in my youth and strength a
burden upon a weak and aged woman.
My gifts to Aunt Hilda were melting
away fast under medical expenses,
and there was only her own small in-
come for our support.

But for Etta, I believe I should have
taken my own life in those dark des-
pairing days. Yet she was a very an-
gel of comfort. She refused to accept
my offered release from her engage-
ment, and actually proposed an imme-
diate marriage and emigration to New
York, where she was sure she could
find work. Oh, my darling! how my
heart wrapped you close in those dark
days, when all other hope or joy seem-
ed stricken from my life. Every day
as I sat in our tiny parlor, helpless and
idle, Etta came to me, pressing her
soft lips upon my blind eyes, and
whispering words of comfort.

She read to me, talked to me, sang
and played upon Aunt Hilda's old-
fashioned piano all my favorite airs.
If the weather was fine we walked out,
Etta leading me to retired spots.

But I mourned for my future! What
was life to be to me? I must learn some
new pursuit to win bread, or depend
upon charity. I was well again and
strong, and every drop of my young
blood was in revolt at my enforced
idleness.

At Christmas time, Mr. Raymond's
only son came from Chicago for a
visit. I had heard of Albert Raymond
from Aunt Hilda. From his mother
he had inherited a fortune, and he had
loved his cousin Etta. Because of
her refusal to be his wife he had gone
to Chicago, where he was adding to
his heritage by successful land specu-
lations.

I was prepared to be jealous of
Albert Raymond, for Etta always spoke
kindly of him, giving him warm sister-
ly affection. But after he came,
though he was cordially pleasant with
me, I hated him. Before he had been
home a week I knew that he and Etta
had some secret between them. I
could grope my way by that time to
several of the neighboring houses, and
was often Etta's visitor, as she was
mine when I was getting well.

More than once, when coming across
the garden, I could hear Etta and Al-
bert conversing in an animated, eager
tone, to stop abruptly the moment I
appeared, or awkwardly to introduce
general subjects I was sure were not
the subject of the original conversa-
tion. A visitor came from New
York to Mr. Raymond's, a friend of
Albert's; and Etta insisted upon my
inviting him to my aunt's house.

He was a gruff-spoken man, and
talked incessantly of my affliction.
Knowing how I shrank from any con-
versation, from any sympathy upon
this subject, Etta had always delicately
led all such talk away from me. But,
to my surprise, she encouraged this
stranger, and fairly wrung from me
every symptom, both pending and dur-
ing my illness.

When he went away, she accompa-
nied him home, though I offered to
escort her home a little later.

It was a week after this, and Albert
had been away, when he returned
suddenly. Coming into the room he
said, "Etta it will be all right."

Then seeing me, I am sure he made
some awkward explanation about mon-
ey investments. But Etta grew very
silent, and soon after I heard a pencil
over paper. Albert was writing. A
few minutes later he left the room, and
very soon Etta asked me to excuse her
for a moment, and followed him. I
groped my way to the table, where I
was sure I had heard Albert writing.
Nothing there! I felt about, till a small
piece of paper was found close beside
Etta's chair. She had trusted to my
blindness for its remaining undiscover-
ed.

I was half mad with jealous pain,
and I somehow got to Mr. Raymond's
study.

"Will you read that to me?" I
asked.

Without other answer, he read:

"I must speak to you. Will wait in
the summer-house."

"Thank you!" I said.

"What is it?" he asked.

"The wrong note. I will find the
other."

I went away then, to the summer-

house, softly as a thief, guarding my
steps on the frozen ground. They
were there, and I could hear Albert's
voice. As I came near I heard Etta—
"Ah, Albert, I will love you all my life
for this!"

She was crying, too. I could tell
that by her broken voice.

I turned away and went home. It
was a cold day, and I was utterly mis-
erable. Aunt Hilda insisted upon
nursing me, and I submitted; brooding
over my secret pain, seeking no sym-
pathy.

It was but natural Etta should turn
from the blind lover, who was but a
disappointment, to the handsome young
man of fortune who had loved her so
long. I would try to give her up, not
in anger, but tenderly.

But I could not. Albert returned
to Chicago, and every day Etta became
dearer to me. She was the light of
my life. She gave me every hour she
could spare from her duties to her
uncle and his house, and she spoke of
our future as surely to be passed to-
gether. I had no courage to tell her
I suspected her secret, and only in my
lonely hours did I dwell upon the
remembrance of Albert's visit.

The long winter wore away, the
early spring was gone, and when May
blossoms were bursting Etta came one
morning to see me.

"Do you remember Dr. Sanderson?"

she asked.

"Your cousin's friend?"

"Yes; he is a great oculist."

My heart seemed to stand still.

"He came from New York solely to
see you, and he warned us that we
must give you no exciting hope for
some months. Perfect tranquility, he
told me, was the great hope for the
recovery of your sight."

"Recovery of my sight," I cried. "He
thinks that possible?"

"He thinks it more than possible.

If you improve in strength as you have
done all the winter, he was certain he
could successfully operate this month."

I could not speak. Very gently
Etta told me of her cousin's kindness.
He had gone to the city solely to find
this doctor, who was no more his
friend than he was the friend of any
other patient. He had brought him
to see me, and then burdened my Etta
with his secret instructions. Even Mr.
Raymond and Aunt Hilda were ignor-
ant of this loving conspiracy.

It humiliated me to think of the part
I had taken in the unworthy construc-
tion I had placed upon Etta's outburst
of gratitude. But she should never
know I doubted her, even for an hour.

"Tell me," I said, "when this doc-
tor will come again."

"He is here waiting to see you."

He came in soon after, and there
was no reluctance then in my answers
to his searching questions. He exam-
ined my eyes closely, and gave a prom-
ise of sight in less than two months.

And he kept his word. After the
operation he gave strict directions for
bandaging and confinement in a dark
room, till, at the end of six long weeks,
he came again and let me see once
more the blessed daylight and Etta's
face.

From that hour I gained hope and
courage again, and when my eyes were
perfectly restored, returned to New
York. I was expressly forbidden to
resume my old duties, but the firm
gave me a position as salesman and a
good salary.

Etta waited another year for me,
when my great-uncle left me a legacy,
that enabled me to marry, having a
sure income.

It was not until we had been married
nearly over a year that Etta asked me
one day if I could spare her seven
hundred dollars.

"Certainly," I replied.

"Do you wonder what I want of so
much money?" she asked.

I did wonder, for we had no secrets
in our life, and my wife usually told
me where she spent her money.

"I will tell you," she said. "I want
to buy back my pearl cross."

"You sold that?" I cried, "I thought
you valued that above all your posses-
sions!"

"But not above your eyesight! Dr.
Sanderson was paid \$500 for the op-
eration, not the \$50 you supposed."

"Etta!"

"That was part of our secret. Al-
bert would have given me the money,
but I would not let you owe your sight
to any one save me. So he took my
cross and sold it for \$700 herein New
York. The man who bought it agreed
to keep it for a time for me, and to-
day Albert told me he could get it
again." I shall always think the cross
had never been out of Albert's posses-
sion, and he was too delicate to give it
again to Etta.

But he was in New York on a wed-
ding tour, about to sail for Europe,
and he gave his cousin the opportuni-
ty to redeem the heirloom. My wife
wears the pearl cross whenever she is
in gala dress, and I never see it upon
her fair throat but my heart swells in
loving gratitude to the faithful woman
who sacrificed it, the dearest treasure
she owned, for me, to restore to me
the lost blessing of sight.

ORDINATION OF A DEAF-MUTE.

A RARE OCCURRENCE.

(From the Lawrence Daily American.)

Mr. Samuel Rowe, a deaf-mute, of
West Boxford, was ordained as an
Evangelist in the Congregational
church of West Boxford, on Wednes-
day. It is a remarkable fact that there
are now but three ordained ministers,
among the deaf-mutes in the United
States, the first two being in the Epis-
copal church. Mr. Rowe, who is a
relative of E. J. Sherman, Esq., of this
city, has been for a long time acting
as a missionary among his mute breth-
ren of this State, and for several
months held a Sabbath service at one
o'clock p. m., in the city mission rooms,
for those living in Lawrence and vi-
cinity, of whom there are twelve or
fifteen persons. He has also been
influential, of late, in the formation of
a society here, called "The Lawrence
Society of Deaf-Mutes," and includes
those mutes living in towns adjoining.
Of this society, Messrs. C. U. Dun-
ning, C. U. Ball, and A. J. French are
trustees, to hold funds raised for the
support of the society.

Mr. Rowe, having received a call
from the deaf-mute association, of the
State of Maine, to labor among them,
(of whom there are about five hun-
dred,) it was believed that his useful-
ness would be augmented if he was
ordained as an Evangelist. The ordi-
nation services were very interesting.
The examination of the candidate, by
the council, was conducted in writing;
and was very satisfactory. The order
of exercises was as follows:—

Voluntary, "Gloria in Excelsis";
Invocation, Rev. Charles J. Dunning;
Reading of Scripture, Rev. Oliver J.
Butler; Introductory prayer, Rev. Oli-
ver J. Butler; Hymn 128; Sermon,
Rev. James McLean; Ordaining prayer,
Rev. J. D. Kingsbury; Original Hymn,
Rev. C. U. Dunning; Charge to the
Evangelist, Rev. S. D. Gammell; Right
hand of fellowship, Rev. George H.
Ide; Concluding prayer, Prof. Egbert
Smyth; Doxology; Benediction, by
the Evangelist; Interpretation of the
Sign Language, Prof. R. H. Atwood.

In the delivery of the sermon, the
charge to the candidate, and the giv-
ing of the right hand of fellowship,
Prof. R. H. Atwood, of Newburyport,
stood by and interpreted to the deaf-
mutes in the sign language. The beau-
tiful hymn, composed for the occasion,
by a lady of West Boxford, while be-
ing read, was so affectingly translated
by Mrs. Atwood, as she stood before
the pulpit, that many were affected to
tears. The Benediction by Mr. Rowe,
in the sign language, was translated
by Rev. Mr. McLean. An excellent
dinner was furnished by the ladies of
West Boxford, in the vestry of the
church, for the council and visitors
present.

—The United States storeship Supply,
Commander William A. Kirkland,
sailed on the 25th ult. from the Brook-
lyn Navy Yard for Havre, France, for
the Paris Exposition. Her cargo com-
prises almost everything that the
country produces. The Captain ex-
pects to make the trip in thirty days.
About one thousand tons of exhibits
are now in the storehouses in Brook-
lyn. They are to be taken over in the
Portsmouth and Wyoming, in case
both are needed.

The Minnesota Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

HEALTH—VACCINATION—MANUFACTURES,
ETC., ETC.

(From the Fairbault Republican, Feb. 20, 1878.)

Last Wednesday we made a brief
visit to the above institution and took
some notes of the situation of things
there as we found them in their every-
day working order.

There are at present ninety-five pu-
pils in attendance—sixty-four of whom
are boys and thirty-one are girls—all
there is room to accommodate until
the main building is completed. There
are a hundred or more of this class of
unfortunates in the State, of whom the
superintendent has knowledge, and
who should be in school. The health
of the pupils is good as is usual; there
have been some few cases of sickness
during the winter, one a very severe
attack of diphtheria, but the excellent
sanitary arrangements, of which we
have so often spoken, the pure air and
water, all these supplemented by the
skill and faithfulness of Dr. Nichols,
the physician in charge, make it up-
hill work for disease to gain much of
a foothold. And in this connection we
would mention that at the time of our
visit the Doctor was vaccinating those
of the pupils who recently entered the
institution, some fifteen or twenty in
number, and we were impressed with
the care which he exercised in per-
forming the operation. It is urged by
those who oppose vaccination that the
danger of transmitting blood diseases,
such as scrofula, etc., in using vaccine
matter taken from the human body is
nearly or quite as much to be feared
as the small-pox itself. Dr. Nichols
does away with this objection most ef-
fectually in his practice. In the first
place he obtains the matter from Dr.
Griffin, of Fond du Lac, Wis., who makes
a specialty of propagating the bovine
virus, or kine-pox. He then vaccinates
young, healthy heifers and thus keeps
up a fresh supply. In vaccinat-
ing, he had beside him a bowl of hot
water and towels. Taking a small
quantity of the prepared matter on a
lance he scarified a small spot on the
arm, just sufficient to start the blood,
but not enough to cause it to flow, and
after each operation the lance was
thoroughly cleansed by washing, and
wiped dry, thus preventing all possi-
bility of conveying blood poison, in
case there were any to convey.

It occurred to us that as small-pox
is quite prevalent in portions of the
State, it might be wise to have the pu-
pils in our public schools vaccinated,
a precaution which has been taken in
some places.

At the commencement of this article
we spoke of the deaf and dumb as an
unfortunate class, but to a person visit-
ing the institution they certainly give
little evidence that they are not as
happy as those who possess all their
senses. A study of the workings of
the institution, we believe, will con-
vince the most skeptical of the great
practical benefits that will be derived
from the labor and expense of teaching
them to take care of themselves.

The several branches of industrial
education in which they receive in-
struction are shoemaking, tailoring,
printing, coopering, needle and fancy
work, farming and gardening. Mrs.
Sarah M. Perry instructs a class of
girls in various kinds of needle and fan-
cy work, and we should judge that
she is very faithful and efficient in
the discharge of her duties, as she has
retained her position for several years,
while the articles manufactured by her
class are evidence in themselves of
careful teaching. She has twenty-nine
pupils in her department.

Mr. O. H. Blake, foreman of the shoe
shop, had his sixteen boys "pegging"
away as busily as nailers, and they
turn out good work, as has been proved
by the test of wearing. The stock
used is carefully selected, and it is a
matter of pride with the superintend-
ent and foreman that the work pro-
duced shall be a credit to the shop.

Deacon Evans, foreman of the tailor
shop, has some fifteen or sixteen boys
and three or four girls in his class.
They have their hands full of work,
having just commenced on an order for
thirty full suits of clothes. On a coup-
le of recent trips through the country

by Mr. Lewis, he sold twenty-five dozen
boots and shoes, and some eight hun-
dred dollars worth of clothing.

There are about a dozen boys in the
cooper shop, in charge of August Neu-
mann, a deaf-mute, who learned the
trade since he began attending the in-
stitution. This shop turns out some
six hundred barrels or more per month.
The Polar Star Mill Company takes
all their work at present.

Mr. Geo. Wing and D. H. Carroll
have charge of the printing office, where
the *Mute's Companion* is printed, and
most of the job work for the institu-
tion is done. There are five boys em-
ployed here. The office was started
last September, since which time the
pupils have made marvelous progress
in acquiring a knowledge of the "art
preservative." Their work would put
to shame a great deal that is done at
more pretentious establishments. The
genius manifested by Messrs. Carroll
and Wing is unusual.

The farming and gardening depart-
ment must be well conducted, as the
products for the past year amounted
to over \$2,000. It is needless to say
that diversification is the order of that
farm. James Brennan is the gardener.
Most of the pupils prefer work in the
shops to that out of doors.

The hours for labor in the shops are
from one o'clock to half-past four in
the afternoon.

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THE MUTE'S COMPANION.

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

AN HONORED MATRON.

MR. RIDER:—With this I send you an account of the final retirement of Mrs. Swan, the loved and worthy matron of the Iowa Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Council Bluffs. She was eight years matron in the Ohio institution and fourteen in Iowa. Of course her friends among mutes and teachers are many. I saw her at the institution last summer and the kind and cordial feeling towards her was manifest. They expressed to me deep regret that she was about to retire, and I am satisfied this regret was genuine. Her age is sixty-three, and she has surely earned the right to an honorable retirement, and love and respect for her remaining years.

A letter, dated Jan. 24th, from the institution says: "We had a pleasant little 'presentation' yesterday in the chapel. Mr. and Mrs. Southwick made a present on their own hook, of a silver pickle-fork, not mentioned in the paper." I will add here that, from the observations made to me when at the institution, I am sure Mrs. Swan has done nobly and earned the love of all those under her charge.

E. BOOTH.

The following is from the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil* of Jan. 24, 1878:

Mrs. Mary B. Swan, who for many years has been at the head of the domestic affairs of the Deaf and Dumb Institution located here, closed her labors at that place yesterday, and her retirement was the occasion for a marked expression of friendship and esteem on the part of those with whom she had been so long associated. The presentation took place at the chapel service in the morning, when Mrs. Swan received from the pupils a beautiful toilet set, and from the teachers and her associates in office an elegant card receiver, in the significant shape of a swan. Fitting presentation speeches were made by Miss Laura Wright, a pupil from Burlington, and Mr. C. S. Zorbaugh, one of the teachers. Mrs. Swan was visibly affected by the kindness exhibited, and showed by a few expressive signs her appreciation of the gifts, and her regret at leaving the institution and the work in which she has spent so many years of her life.

Her successor, Miss Sarah E. Wright, of Burlington, arrived last week, ready to take up the work of the retiring matron, and has now entered upon the discharge of the duties of the position.

Mrs. Swan began the service of matron in October, 1863, after having had an experience of eight years in the Ohio institution; and no more fitting compliment can be paid her than that she always discharged the duties of her position in such a manner as to win and hold the confidence and esteem of all, including the officers, teachers and pupils of the institution with whom she was in daily contact. She was respected by each and every one, with whom her name will be associated with pleasant recollections. In reference to her successor, it is hoped that she may be equal in efficiency, and success to the lady whom she is called to succeed.

A Letter from Albert O. Bowler.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have just returned home from quite an extended visit among deaf-mutes, and I thought a few lines concerning the mutes visited would be interesting to your numerous readers.

First on the list is Miss Emma Jane Bennett, living at Searsmont, Me., a graduate of the American Asylum. She enjoys good health, and is engaged in the manufacture of gentlemen's clothing. She earns much money, which she is laying aside for future use. Her sister Nora and her husband, Pembroke Steward, are both graduates of the American Asylum, and live in Hartland, Me.

Mr. Steward has recently returned from the Black Hills, and is now at work as a carrier in Messrs. Page's tannery.

Miss Mary L. Hodgman, a recent graduate of the Asylum at Hartford, is at her home, in Thorndike, Me. She enjoys good health, and seems happy in her parent's nice home. Her father has a very nice farm, well stocked with choice breeds. I here saw Eben P. Dyer, of Unity, Me. He is at work for his cousin, Hon. Joseph Farwell, who has a valuable farm and nice buildings.

I made a short visit at Mr. Stover's, in Appleton, whose son, Frederick, is a pupil at Hartford, Conn.

I then visited John W. Abbott, of Sidney. He is at home with his father, having recently been afflicted in

the loss, by death, of his dear mother. He is a very fine cabinet-maker. I saw a nice desk and some finely made tables of his make. He left the Asylum four years ago. He and I visited Mr. Madison P. Sawtelle, of Sidney, an old pupil, from Hartford. He lives with his father, who has a nice farm and fine buildings. Among these buildings may be seen a large old meeting-house, the oldest in town, now utilized as a barn for nice stock. Madison is a smart and energetic man, and would make a good husband for some nice young lady. Mr. John Abbott took his fast horse and a nice jumper he has recently made, and took me to West Waterville to see Charles F. Folsom, a recent graduate of the Hartford Asylum. His father is a house-carpenter, but is now engaged in the manufacture of snow shovels, and Charles works with him. Dame Rumor says Charlie will soon take to himself a "better half" to assist him in his life-work. While visiting John Abbott, he took me to Augusta to visit William M. Scoles, a recent pupil at Hartford. We found him at work in Wyman & Son's sash and blind factory. He is in good health and seems to be doing well. His sister, Rachael A. Scoles, was married to John Larabee, of Bangor, and they live in that city.

In company with my father I called on Mr. Frank M. Ellis, formerly of Belgrade, but now married and living in Augusta. He is working in a bedstead factory, and is a very nice workman. He married Miss Anna M. Marr, formerly of Washington, Me., and a pupil from Hartford. I called on Mrs. Marr, but did not see Ira and Hiram, they being away from home.

I then went to visit Philip Kendall, of Whitefield, and had a pleasant visit. He is a farmer, living with his father, and has built a nice house the past season. He is a very fine fellow, and seems happy and contented.

My father and I then visited the Soldiers' Home, in Chelsea, Me., generally called Togus, named from the noted mineral springs, called Togus. Here I found about eight hundred soldiers. By the kindness of Corporal Joseph Perry, I was conducted through the buildings. Everything is well arranged for the comfort of the soldiers. I attended a musical entertainment in the evening, which was very entertaining to hearing people.

I passed through the State House at Augusta, accompanied by my friend, John W. Abbott, and sat down in the gallery while during the session of the House of Representatives.

Yours truly,
ALBERT O. BOWLER.
Rockland, Me., March 1, 1878.

A Very Interesting Letter from Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 2, 1878.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—All is business at this commercial locality. Cars are rolling by, people are hurrying along the streets and at every turn and corner human beings are being propelled, or propelling something. We have one of the most efficient fire departments in the world. The fire stations are all connected by telegraph, and the fire alarm turned on from one of the five hundred fire-alarm boxes in the city reaches all the fire-engine stations at the same instant, and within thirty or forty seconds all the fire-engines and hose-carts are simultaneously coming out of their stations, with brass and metal glistening, gongs sounding and the horses tearing along with terrific speed. Some of the engines are self-propellers, and look grandly as they go puffing on their way. But the street horses, as if determined to recognize no draught force but horse flesh, rear and plunge wildly at the unnatural and bobby propellers. One station has colored firemen who fully appreciate their position, and the metal of their powerful steeds as they dash in headlong speed along the streets.

One afternoon, recently, I saw one of these imposing fire-engines with colored firemen dashing along Clark street, as though to herald the approach of some supernatural visitor to the tune of "Tam O'Shanta." They brought up a few blocks away on Harrison street and Fourth avenue, where the firemen dismounted, and stood ready to face the licking flames and deluge a building. But it was evident that a false alarm had been sounded, as the effects of no large fire were visible.

The chafing horses paved the ground, the colored firemen looked disappointed but eager, yet all in vain, and were soon moving back to their station for a fresh start.

Chicago is badly in debt, but honest. The action of her aldermen in making the appropriations for the next year has absorbed public attention of late. The appropriations are liberal and include over four millions of dollars. The

great scourge of fire has left its mark in the public finances of the city.

The deaf-mute school, under Prof. Greenberger, was burnt out in 1872, and the able professor sent adrift, when he landed in New York city. The school was revived by Prof. Emery after a few years, and though suffering by fire and persecuted by ambitions men, it lives on the ruins of the past, and looks cheerfully and confidently into the future. It wraps no robe of hypocrisy about its designs or intentions, nor does it build its entire hope on free masonry. Its object is too noble to be concealed, and too public to be crushed out of existence by the heel of weak men. The attendance of pupils is prompt and large, and unusual prosperity and public interest attend the school.

On the evening of the 22d of Feb. a nice party of deaf-mutes assembled at the home of E. P. Holmes, Clarendon Hills, Ill. There was greeting, mirth, turkey eating, disaster and an entire night of social revelry. The oldest mutes in the company led off as the youngest in the pleasant games, and Mr. Radfington was constantly in his happy humor, in his apt criticisms and wit. Mr. Wm. Sullivan, during the night, started to go out doors, but suddenly found himself on the cellar floor, at the foot of the cellar stairs. He had mistaken the cellar door for the hall door leading out, and with confidence trusted his avoirdupois to the treacherous darkness. Instinctively his head went down and his feet up, giving him a ball shape, and he rolled down the long stairs in quick time, and spread himself at the end of his fall. He scarcely knew whether he was awakening from a dream or not. Visions of pleasant faces, around a large table well supplied with turkey, pastry, nuts, etc., flitted through his jostled fancy, and as he reclined on the hard damp earth, he felt that he was withdrawn from society, and possibly was started on his way to the "happy hunting grounds" of the other world.

Soon, action succeeded, the stairs were found and he made his ascent and perilous adventure known to his friends. His left wrist was badly sprained, but other-ways he was ready to skip again. Mr. Samuel A. Lewis was recently joined by his wife here, and their presence at the party added much to the pleasure of the occasion.

After supper a number of toasts were given, appropriate to the occasion, and happily replied to. One toast by Mrs. Emery, "Our Loyal Host," was replied to by Mr. Lewis thus: "May he be brave, live a long life, and die honored, and contented." Another toast by Mr. Sullivan, "Our Country," was responded to by Mr. C. L. Williams: "Peace and good will prevail, fellow countrymen and brethren, with the yoke of tyrants trampled under the feet of honest workmen." There were other toasts and happy responses. Mr. Emery caused much merriment by his dress, for the occasion, which was a miller's garb complete, with the blue ribbon of temperance on his left breast. He is decidedly of that stripe, and his quill is scarcely over dry as his wheel of life rolls on. He and Joe Medill drink deep potions of politics and science which emanate in the columns of the *Tribune* quite frequently, over the signature of "Philo." And as frequently "Philo" awakes some intellectual lion reposing in dogmas and political trust, who roars from the dens of dry bones and political corruption, and comes forth to put his paw on "Philo's" principles as enunciated in print. Even the Dutchman, Shurtz of Hayes' cabinet, has earnestly inquired after his technical health. But he proves a hard customer to wipe out, and so does the gray haired Joe.

The mutes have a Sunday school at 3 p. m., every Sunday, at the Moody Church. They are planning to use rooms nearer the central part of the city.

Mr. George contemplates leaving Chicago soon. He doesn't seem to be quite decided what point on this mundane sphere he will steer for.

Mr. Vandyke is working the city over again.

Mr. E. G. Valentine is winning his spurs in legal tilts at the bar, at 155 LaSalle street. He works hard, and always has a word of cheer for his friends.

Your paper is decidedly popular in Chicago, among the mutes, and everywhere in my travels, it is recognized as their leading American newspaper. Do we pause and fully weigh the blessings of our age, and the great intellectual comforts that deaf-mutes now receive?

—Yellow fever prevails at Rio Janeiro. The deaths from that disease, during the first two weeks of February numbered from 40 to 45.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION NEWS.

Since I last wrote to the JOURNAL the vacancy in our corps of teachers, occasioned by Mr. Conklin's death, was filled by the appointment of the Supervisor, Mr. Gamage, to that position. Mr. Charles W. VanTassel takes Mr. Gamage's place as Supervisor, in addition to carrying on his duties as teacher of the small boys at the Mansion house. It was expected that the Board of Directors would appoint a hearing man to this supervisorship, it being a very difficult position, and the fact that they chose Mr. VanTassel is a great compliment to his governing talent. So far he has met with excellent success in managing the boys.

Sunday, Feb. 24th, our eyes were gladdened by the sight of Mr. Clarence D. Little, the former assistant steward here. He appeared in excellent health. He was from Sing Sing where he is in business and stayed with us only a little while.

"Washington's Birthday" dawned upon us in a very depressing and gloomy condition. Out of doors the wind and rain played mad pranks, and it seemed as if the flood gates of heaven had been opened, but once since the flood. Within doors, however, everything was such as could be wished. We were determined that the inclemency of the weather should not spoil the fun of the day, and the manner in which we observed it clearly proves that we came off victors. The exercises of the day opened with services in the chapel which continued from 9 till 11:30 a. m. The harangues delivered on this occasion were of unexampled merit, and proved that the orators had spent weary hours the night before in pouring over the various memories which have been written of our greatest president. The consequence was that we were told everything from that well-known story of the little hatchet and cherry tree, to the latest and most interesting anecdote awaiting the reception by our illustrious Washington of two of our fellow mutes from this Institute. This story may have been somewhat exaggerated, the enthusiasm of the orator having, perhaps, carried him so high that nothing seemed an impossibility, so long as it was done by Washington.

Our professors were indefatigable in their efforts to impress upon our young minds the greatness of the man whose day we were celebrating, and even went so far as to borrow (from an illustrated paper) the only surviving family portrait of this great man. The sight of this was enough to rouse us to such a pitch of patriotism that it seemed as if the floor would become indignant and give way beneath us. However, it had the goodness to keep intact till we were treated to a sight of what was vouched to be the very fish horn used by "the Father of his country" when he was a young shaver running wild in the streets of Virginia. While experimenting upon this somewhat discordant instrument, the performer, Professor Jones, almost blew the head off our respected principal who was sitting near by; at least he was seen to hold his head more tightly between his two hands. The exercises closed with a tableau representing the reception of the Irishman by Washington. The charades were good and the tableau was rendered with splendid effect.

According to a custom, which has now become a necessary part of the day's celebration, a masquerade formed the evening's part of the festivities. At about 7 o'clock p. m. the merry maskers began to assemble in the main hall, and when all was ready, the grand marches commenced and the maskers filed into the girls' beautiful sitting-room. Here they were set up on by the great crowd who, however, were kept back till the proper time came. Now the fun commenced, and for about an hour the spectators were kept at wit's end in their efforts to distinguish the different parties. The costumes were, in many instances, very magnificent, and taken all together, the masquerade was a decided success.

The following are the names and representations of a few of the participants: Carrie Powers, Daughter of the Regiment; A. Emmens, French Nobleman; Mary Whitehead, Ghost; Charles Shattuck, Clown; Florence H. Jones, Old-fashioned Bride; John Hogan, Punch; Mary Iowen, Judy; Miss Woodruff, Flower Girl; Stephen Sloat, Bummer; Katie Shate, Fortune Teller; C. S. Doane, Skeleton; Ella Bonnell, Nun; J. O'Brien, Harlequin; J. H. Eddy, Thor; Bella Leghorn, Beauty; J. O'Neil, Cops; Lizzie A. Barry, Quakeress; Nye Brown and J. C. Colman, Walking Horse; Annie Lewis, French Girl; Stayker, Fire Lady; Maggie T. Barry, French Lady; J. Clemens, Sargent; Clara Rosch, Goddess of Liberty; C. Q. Marm, Fool; Myra Barragher, Old-fashioned Lady; H. Tall, Ghost; Annie Bryan, Quakeress; Miss Lyons, Normandy Girl; Miss Vandermarke, "Our Grandmother"; Miss Hagadorn, Dutchess; Miss F. Hamilton, Nun; Miss K. Hamilton, Peasant; C. Felver, French Flirt; H. Keritt, Old-fashioned Girl; L. Vogel, Crazy Woman; Ida Jones, Tompsy; Grace Mills, Eva; Mary Kennedy, Red Riding Hood; A. Kennedy, Shepherdess; L. Ridner, Scotch Girl; B. Fisher, Ghost; Mollie Pickens, Fashionable Lady; Willie Porter, Prince; Georgie Decker, Goddess of Night; Thomas F. Fox, Page.

Much praise is due Misses Hagadorn and P. Lewis as also Mr. Martin Brown for the perfection of arrangements which made everything run so smoothly, like the different parts of a great machine. The masquerade kept up till 9 o'clock p. m., when the young people retired to the realms of dreams, much pleased with the day's fun.

We cannot pass over this account without speaking of the sad, yes, very sad mishap which befell our friend Prof. Jewell. Spurred on by patriotic enthusiasm, he traveled a weary mile through the rain and slush to honor the memory of Washington. Well, poor fellow, he got here, but in such a condition that all his oratory was left in the air, and he had nothing remaining but a soaked suit of clothes which were anything but comfortable. However, we have seen him since, and as he seems but little the worse for his cold bath, we shall in future regard him as a martyr to duty and patriotism. Long may this gem of a jewell sparkle to grace the shirt bosom of our noble institution.

I am sorry to be obliged to register the first death from sickness that has occurred among our pupils this term. It is that of Oliver J. Parsons, on Saturday afternoon, the 23d of Feb., at the age of 25. He came to the institution last September, and, notwithstanding his advanced years, made very satisfactory progress under the excellent care of Mr. Conklin. He had been here before for a few months, fifteen years ago, but, on account of his delicate health, Dr. H. P. Peet, then Principal, sent him home. He died of inflammation of the right lung, which, it is supposed, he inherited from his mother. His funeral was preached by Dr. Peet, the Sunday afternoon following.

On Tuesday evening next we are going to have a grand spectacular pantomime, entitled "Bianco, or the Enchanted Sword." This play was gotten up entirely by Mr. H. D. Reeves, and is expected to be something grand. The proceeds will be given to the Fanwood Amateur Athletic Club.

The weather has been remarkably mild of late. February went out as sweet and mild as an April day, and March came in quite as softly. We have given up all hopes of having any more snow. The boys have begun to play base ball and other summer sports, and the High Class boat will be put in order for launching, as soon as possible. As the academic year is rolling toward its close, we are making the most of the remaining time. M. L.

New York, March 2, 1878.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 27, 1878.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—Most people use the word "asylum," in ignorance of its true meaning, and not until they have looked into Webster's Unabridged for a correct definition of it, will they ever understand why the word, lightly and carelessly spoken, should rankle so deeply in the mind of every sensitive deaf-mute. I will give a case in point. One student was asked the following question, by a gentleman, apparently intelligent and well-educated: "How are the folks at the asylum?" The student, indignant at the use of such a word, drew the pencil two or three times on the offensive epithet and returned the paper without any other reply. The eye of his questioner, after looking over and over the paper, caught the scored word and he inquired, with a look of wondering surprise, what it meant. Seeing that the gentleman was really surprised and did not know what offense he had given, the student replied that "asylum" meant a place where the lame, the blind and the maimed of humanity are fed, clothed and taken care of, for the reason that they are unable to provide for themselves, while the deaf and dumb, being prevented by their misfortune—not their infirmity—from sharing in the benefits of the public schools, go to an institution to be educated and trained into useful, if not active, members of society; moreover that the institutions are to the deaf and dumb what the common schools are to their more fortunate brethren and sisters. The gentleman

was very profuse in his apologies for having unwittingly wounded his friend's feelings, but added that he had never before really known the difference between an institution and an asylum. This is not a solitary instance, for I have seen the parents of a deaf-mute, who was their darling and pet, use that very word in speaking to their boy, without being aware of the feelings of shame and mortification which it caused in his breast.

I will give a few specimens of the mottoes adopted by the students in their new room, some of which are characteristic and unique. One individual of a religious turn of mind has put the following notice upon the window of his door: "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." Another, seized with a poetical inspiration, dedicated his room to the Muses as a first-class hotel:

"Accommodate ladies,
Gentlemen and babies,
Each to one bed,
But not one fed."

Two, Sophs., bent upon enjoying life while life lasts, adopted the following motto: "*Dum vivimus, vivamus*."

We were treated to ice-cream on that "house warming" day, and a Sophomore fell a victim to his innocent confidence in the honesty and generosity of a fellow student. He was offered, by a Prep., what he supposed to be a saucer of the ambrosia, which was eagerly accepted with many thanks, but when he put a spoonful into his hungry mouth and found that it was only hominy, the change in the expression of his face, from a look of the most heartfelt gratitude, to an unmistakable grimace of chargin and disappointment, was such as to set the whole room in a roar of laughter. The delight of the other students in having so successfully played off this trick upon a Sophomore seemed to be unbounded, and they passed a vote of thanks for the perpetrator of the dastardly trick, pronouncing it the best joke of the season. I will leave to your imagination the effect of all this upon the too confiding mind of the victim, whose belief in the kindness and generosity of his fellow men was thus rudely shaken. Now, is it not too bad that a man should be taught to distrust the honest intentions of his best friends?

A Senior's total abstinence principles were sorely tried, the other day, by an old toper, who invited him to take a convivial glass or two with himself. By the way, talking of drinking reminds me of those students, who came, saw and were conquered by Murphy. They are now wearing the blue ribbon on the lappets of their coats—not that it was necessary for them to remember their pledge, but, as they say, to encourage others by their example.

The fire upon the hearth of Prof. Draper's room was kindled for the first time, by Mrs. Hayes, during the Presidential visit, who, in spite of his respectful protestations to the contrary, went down upon her knees and lighted the fire. She also plucked a rose from a plant belonging to one of the boys from Ohio, and put it on her bosom.

A certain select attended a temperance meeting. While writing with a young lady friend, the lecturer called out to him, "sing, sing." It was several minutes before the enthusiastic reformer could comprehend the burst of laughter that followed his words.

A Prep., irritated at his ineffectual attempts to solve a certain problem in algebra, exclaimed in a passion, "There is no soul in me," whereupon he was told by a classmate that if he considered himself an ass, he should keep it secret.

President Gallaudet has gone west, to be absent for a week or two. It is earnestly hoped that he will return to us restored in health and spirits, which had been suffering somewhat from the anxiety and excitement attendant upon the completion and opening of the new building. Prof. Fay is, as usual, the president pro tem.

Two students were quietly talking, when a gaping crowd collected around them. Not having come out to be the cynosures of all eyes, they quickly dispersed the curiosity-seekers, by taking off their hats and passing them around. Prof. Hotchkiss, who seems to be a "purist" and a strict disciplinarian, forbids the use of signs in his class. If a student wants to say anything to their teacher, or classmates, he must do it with his fingers or in writing, or, if he prefers it, with the letters of telegraphy.

Dandy Yawcob wants to know how long it will be before those Princeton college students, whose heads were shaven, will go and see their Dulcineas.

Prof. Chickering's ivy-clad house seems to be a favorite resort of the tiny denizens of the air.

One of the Preps. is strutting about with a Cross of the Legion of Honor upon his breast, won not on the gory

field of battle, but from an old suspender. One devout student went to see the requiem mass upon the soul of the lately deceased Pope. Prof. Bower, of Yale College, has been paying us a visit.

STUDENT.

SURPRISE PARTY IN ALBANY.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—As I happen to be neighbor to our estimable lady, Mrs. Eliza Monroe, of Albany, sister to the late Benjamin Brian, also a friend to Miss Mary Toole, I think they would enjoy an account of the evening so pleasantly spent with their many friends on the 31st of December, 1877.

It hardly seems creditable for persons who are deprived of both hearing and speech, to enter into the spirit of an evening's entertainment as the mutes do, who seem at home and exceedingly happy wherever they are. Some of my choicest acquaintances are mutes, and I hope ever to be considered one of them.

The "Social Surprise" held at the residence of Mrs. Eliza Monroe, 124 Green Street, on New Year's Eve, was a success. The only jar, if I may use the term, was the surprise. It took quite a while for our friends to recover from the shock.

Mr. W. T. Collins and Miss Libbie Schutt made quite a sparkling appearance as they were ushered into the presence of our landlady, especially does this apply to the latter. She was strikingly brilliant. When a company of thirty came to her view, she was obliged to consider herself "taken." It is my opinion that, could she have spoken, she would have done herself justice, so great was the surprise.

About midnight the door-bell was answered, and six cadets, from Troy, came in,—just in, time for supper, which was got up in the very best style. Everything was pleasant and cheerful. After supper came games, forfeits, singing, dancing, and to conclude, a piano solo, "Mocking Bird," by Miss Grace Love. On the whole, the evening was spent in a very jolly manner. Both young and old took delight in the enjoyments. It made the older ones renew their youth, and the younger ones brightened at the thought of adding to the happiness of the more advanced in years.

After giving the usual greetings of the "glad new year," the company separated, at which time I left, thinking what happy times I had when young. Being quite advanced in years, I can say "how sweet their memory still," and "sweeter than the honey in the honey comb." A very large loaf of fruit cake was presented to my loving friend, Miss Mary Toole, by "a chip of the old block."

One feature which was noticeable, I came very near forgetting, in my anxiety to close. Miss Monroe had a very large box sent from Washington, D. C., well filled with choice viands. One Turkey was in it, dressed in style, and other things by the dozen, which were kept awhile, for Mrs. Monroe had invited some friends to come the next week to spend Thursday with her, when the turkey was served. The dinner was good. I ate my portion.

The following persons were present at the surprise party: Mrs. Eliza Monroe and Miss Mary Toole, of Albany; Mrs. Atkins, Miss Ball, Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman of Lansingbury; Mrs. M. Hunter, Mrs. M. J. Johnson, Messrs. W. T. Collins, C. A. Smith, J. C. Ritter, H. Brown, Mrs. Schutt, Miss Schutt, Mr. J. Schutt, Mrs. M. Ives, Miss H. W. Ives and the cadets of Troy; Mr. and Mrs. Brownell, of West Cambridge; Mr. R. C. Sherwood, Miss Zittie Love, Mr. D. Mahoney, Mrs. K. Riley and Miss M. Riley, of Albany; Mr. Gettings, of Waterford; Mr. H. A. Burt, of Ticonderoga.

DOWNS.

Albany, Feb. 20, 1878.

What Twenty-four Graduates are Doing.

FLINT, Mich., Feb. 17, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—If you will publish the following it will, no doubt, be of interest to your readers.

From the year 1873 to 1877, twenty-four in number have stepped across the threshold of life from the Michigan institution, and went forth upon the trackless ocean of life to battle with relentless fate and win renown or a glorious death in the arena. Two are printers in Flint. One of them is sub-printer and the other quit the trade on account of sickness. Nine are shoe-makers. One of them owns a shoe-shop in Flint. His name is John Ansbrow, Jr. One is a cabinet-maker, who is one of the best and most skillful workmen in the city of Flint. Two, from Detroit are "dead beats;" four are farmers; two are peddlers; one is attending Washington College, class of '78; two are laborers; two attending the Michigan Institution again, and three are married, but have no children.

OBSERVER.

